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Mrs Swanson and her Shotgun



shotgun

breakin

grandmother

24 0 3

Chapter 1 by Blue

87 year old Mrs. Swanson awoke in her Texan ranch house dazed in the middle of the night. Blindly blinking her eyes wildy, she reached to her bedside table to search where she placed her glasses.

"Dammit" she muttered, as she knocked her glasses to the floor.

"getting clumsier every year" she grumbled as she extended her hand and felt around until she finally felt the large plastic frame and neck string attached.

Sleepily she put her glasses on and shuffled her feet to the bathroom then back to bed.

CRASH . BANG . Mrs Swanson jumped and bounced as she was startled. And in her heavy Texan accent she muttered "What in Carnation!?"

She stood up and shuffled her feet to the gun cabinet and pulled out her 12 gauge double barreled shotgun. Handful of shells in her nightgown pocket and walked to her bedroom door

"What are those Whippersnappers cracker barreled fools doing on my property again"

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Loading the shotgun, Mrs Swanson exits her bedroom door

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